# THE EMERALD.

SEMPER REFULGET.

*No.* 40.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE EMERALD.

## THE WANDERER,

*No.* 64.

HOW SHORT THE DAYS ARE!

THE more necessity for industry. How short the days are! By rising early make them longer then.

Idleness is willing to make any thing serve for an excuse, but sometimes founds its apology on the very cause that implies its censure.—Whether the day be long or short, hot or cold, wet or dry, it is a never failing source of apology to those, who desirous of excuse for what they know not how to justify, hitch their faults on the first peg that can be found, satisfied at any means of turning them from their own shoulders. If the days are shorter than usual, more must be done in less time, and one would think it rather an argument for increased diligence than an apology for the omission of duty. But it is really laughable to find to how many purposes, and on what variety of occasions, time and the weather is thrown in between man and his follies, and how many faults are laid to their charge, of which they are altogether innocent.

Set in motion, on one of our short winter days, that teazing, troublesome being, called *a dun*. The cold gives him activity, and as he knows the days are but of few hours long, he feels the necessity of attention. But what is the result of his enterprise—"Why, really sir, it grieves me to ask you to call again, but indeed *the days are so short*, that I have not had opportunity of collecting my demands, but the next time you favor me with a visit, I hope to be better prepared to receive you." It is in vain to expect a man to pay money such weather as this. Every body loves a *long day* of payment.

There is a young trader, who looks forward to wealth and respectability. He has an eye to the future increase of business, and anticipates the pleasure of attending a numerous circle of customers. It is a dull season at present, however. The *days are so short* there is no doing any thing; and to help the matter he is frozen up, at home, till a good fire thaws him out in the morning, and the inconvenience of *short days* is so great, that he cannot get his shop opened before ten o'clock.

Mrs. *Lamentable* has always been considered a very good kind of a woman. She is desirous of doing all the good in her power, is exceedingly correct and exemplary in her deportment, and would fain be taken for a very pious person. In summer time she attends church regularly twice a day—when the weather is not too warm. But somehow it is, the good lady finds

it impossible to appear within the walls of the chapel at this season of the year—the *mornings are so extremely short* 'tis impossible to be dressed in season.

These short days are great disturbers of public worship—they infringe upon the Sabbath more than on any day in the week—Sunday morning is in many people's estimation the shortest in the year. Either it is that the want of a bustle of business on that day or the necessary relaxation of a week's labor composes their minds and prevents a knowledge how time passes, or the morning is actually shorter and the hour of church is really much sooner than the ordinary hours of common daily business. I never heard however that the shortness of the day destroyed a single party of pleasure; that it ever prevented a dining party or a ball, although it has been suggested that it once drove the last acrost the boundary line of the week and sometimes lengthened the other to day light next morning—The shortest day is always found to have room enough for pleasure and though the sun rises so late as to leave business in the dark, the want of his rays are no objection to schemes of amusement. But is it really the *short days* which prevent so much business, interrupt so many avocations, and retard the completion of so many economical designs? Is it a complaint heard on the bustle of the Exchange, where money depends on exertion? Is it the cry of industry and the complaint of labor? Or rather the apology of idleness—the weak excuse for lazy and indolent minds?

You will seldom hear it among those who are able and willing to change time into gold. No—they can make the twenty-four hours equally valuable whether more or less be enlightened by the sun, but for those who do not love labor it is an admirable apology for idleness, and because the time is short in which much must be done, it is used as an argument for omitting almost every thing.

The fact is, any thing will satisfy an idle man that he need not exert himself—it is very easy to satisfy the mind, when it is resolved to make no objections, and the wind and the weather, the sun or the tide are always at command to illustrate the necessity of any course that can be adopted.

There is a general propensity, however to throw away the blame which conscience or custom attaches to the conduct, from the agent himself to any cause that can plausibly be made to sustain it. But the motive is one thing and the reasons that are given to support it another. To find the character of the mind, you must look deeper than the action or its assignable cause, and however, a man may deceive others or himself with excuses framed from the course of nature and the progress of time, yet an accute observer will find that the heart takes an interest before the mind is engaged, and sophistry is brought out to palliate what is determined to be done—It is not however honorable for a man to shrink from the responsibility of his own actions and he who conducts with the integrity of an upright mind will have no need of extrinsic assistance, or artificial aid—The weather and the time will of necessity sometimes interfere with human calculations, but he must be credulous indeed to carry to their account one half the mischief, and accidents that are daily laid to their charge.

F.

*For the Emerald.*

ORIGINAL TRANSLATION.

*Si voluimus, magna sæpe intelligimus ex parvis.*

## THE REWARD OF VIRTUE.

*From the French of M. Fluetry.*

FORTITUDE under the evils of life is absolutely necessary for our happiness. That restlessness on the contrary, which is marked by peevishness and murmuring, is an attempt to elevate our own judgment against that of the divinity, of whose profound decrees we are ignorant; to reverse the order of nature for our own pleasure, and prevent the occurrence of those apparent calamities, which are oftentimes productive of essential good. A wise man is not perplexed with this untimely capriciousness—He knows the dangers to which all men are exposed; he attempts every reasonable manner of avoiding them, and having exhausted the resources of his own prudence, patiently awaits the operations of time. The following little story is intended to illustrate these sentiments, and to show that virtue and constancy often triumph over the rigors of fortune.

Theocles, king of Cyrene, had a daughter named Archestrate—his only child. She united in a person the most elegant and beautiful, the noblest qualities of the heart and the mind, and had arrived at an age when these advantages call forth the tribute of love. The report of her charms drew to the court of her father a crowd of princes, who strove for the honour of her smile. But the princess, devoted entirely to the exercises of Diana, had no heart for any thing that was not connected with her service. Theocles tenderly loved his daughter, and determined to use no authority in constraining her marriage, leaving this interesting occurrence solely to the dictates of her heart.

Appollonius, king of Tyre, was unable to resist the desire of seeing a woman of whom so many amiable traits of character had come to his knowledge, and determined on a voyage to Cyrene for the purpose. Appollonius was young—tall, and elegantly formed—gay, easy and vivacious in his manners—brave, generous, and in a word, possessed of all those virtues which entitle one man to the respect and honour of others. Archestrate, in spite of her natural indifference, could not but behold him with pleasure, and delighted in conversing of him with the women of her train. This was the first effect which love had ever been able to produce on her. Appollonius was impressed with similar feelings—He found every thing which he had heard, and tho't to be exaggeration, but a weak outline of those charms which were every day before his eyes. It is easy to encrease the allurements of an ordinary beauty; but those which nature has taken pleasure in forming, cannot be traced but by a pencil the most delicate and true.

Appollonius soon discovered to Archestrate the feelings of his bosom, and she, all nature and virtue, was ignorant of the arts of coquetry, now so well understood, which leads a lover by slow degrees to the happiness he aspires to.

With the consent of Theocles, who had no other wish than the happiness of his daughter, the marriage was soon celebrated with all that pomp which should be expected from two kings who prided themselves on their magnificence and grandeur.

Theocles could not consent to be separated from his only child, and engaged them to stay for some time at the court of Cyrene. Archestrate

shortly gave promise of adding to the felicity of her husband and father, by the birth of a child.—This was a new source of joy; fetes the most splendid were recommenced, and the people had another opportunity of expressing their attachment to the family and person of their affectionate monarch. But the presence of the prince of Tyre became absolutely necessary in his own dominions, and obliged them to quit Cyrene. The king equipped a vessel, in which he put every accommodation that the new queen could desire; and the happy couple, still regarding each other as lovers, embarked, after taking the most tender adieu of Theocles.

The first days of their voyage were extremely fine, and they had completed nearly one half the passage, when the signs of an approaching tempest were discovered. The sky was obscured with black clouds—the sea foamed—the monsters of the deep were floating on its surface. Presently the impetuous winds broke out and drove the agitated waters in tremendous waves—the lightning succeeded with astonishing rapidity—the air appeared in flames—the thunder roared in continued peals—the winds redoubled their efforts, and rendered every manœuvre of the mariners in vain,—till the vessel, without any thing but its scattered ropes and masts was thrown about at the sport of the elements, now raised as it would appear to the heavens and then plunged in the most frightful abyss. The timid Archestrate, almost terrified to death, believed herself arrived at her last moments—her tender husband held her in his arms, endeavouring to animate and support her during the tremendous scene, when a new accident increased their distress. Although Archestrate had but seven months anticipated becoming a mother, yet the violent agitation of the vessel brought on those pains which rendered it certain that nature would be delivered of the burthen which she carried.—In fine, during the horrors of the tempest she gave birth to a daughter. Appollonius received the charge and trembled to view the dangers to which this innocent creature was exposed at the moment of its birth.—The violence of the storm continued to increase, and drove the ship on a rock, where she remained. Archestrate reduced to the most deplorable situation, collected the little strengh that remained, in order to be placed on a part of the railing; but in the act of doing it was washed into the sea. Appollonius was unwilling to survive the loss of his beloved—he would have thrown himself into the sea to have saved his Archestrate or perished with her, but despair fixed him to the spot on which he stood.—Ah—the moment of returning reason informed him he was a father—he held his young daughter in his arms, the little unfortunate stretched out her hands and seemed to implore his protection—he could not resolve to injure a deposit so precious—no resource was left to him but to invoke the protection of the Gods for his dear Archestrate, who semed to perish before his eyes.

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SKETCH *of the* HISTORY *of* LITERATURE *in* EUROPE *from the* AGE *of* AUGUSTUS *to that of* LOUIS XIV. *By* M. DE LA HARPE.

*(Concluded from p. 41.)*

It was at the same period that England had her Shakespeare, who, with the beauties and faults of the two Spanish writers, and without carrying the art farther than they did, bore the prize by the charms of a natural talent, sometimes elevated to the sublime of imagination, to the eloquence

of vehement passions, and the energy of tragic characters. By these precious morsels, so much the more attractive as they are with him the more rare and more uniformly mingled with baser matter, Shakespeare rose above his age, in which true tragedy was every where unknown; but since genius of the first order, under Louis XIV. and in our days, has in France borne tragedy to her greatest height, it belongs only to national prejudice amongst the English, or with us to a paradoxical mania, to compare the masters of the greatest of arts among a polished people with a writer who, in the midst of the barbarism of his country and his writings shed forth some rays of genius.

Portugal may boast of having given to this period one poet more. Camoens had, indeed, little invention; but in more than one place he displayed the elevation of Homer, and in the episode of Ines the touching expression of Virgil. His poem,—greatly below his subject, which was grand,—defective in the plan, which is nearly historical,—recommends itself chiefly by that species of beauty which contributes most to give immortality to the works of poesy, by the beauty of its style.

In Germany Tycho Brahe and Kepler,—one, notwithstanding his errors, regarded as the benefactor of the sciences,—the other named the legislator of astronomy and the worthy precursor of Newton,—indemnified their country for her defects in the finer arts.

England, destined soon to become the mistress of the world in abstruse sciences and sound metaphysics, might, at that time oppose to all the great men I have named, the Lord Chancellor Bacon, one of those hardy and independent tempers who owe every thing to a deep examination of their own unbiassed thoughts, and to the habit of considering every thing as if no one before had treated of it. He fulfilled the whole promise of the title which he dared, from the secret testimony of his own genius, to give to that immortal work (*Novum Scientiarum Organum,*) which taught philosophy to take no further steps but on the sure ground of experience; and it is in pursuing this inestimable lesson that the science of physics is become what alone it ought to be, the science of facts.

We advance towards the seventeenth century, which was, in fact, that of France. The French language began to be purified, assuming more exact forms, and a more dignified tone. It acquired harmony in the verse of Malherbe and the prose of Balzac. Taste had, however, many obstacles to surmount. Our progress was retarded by the same spirit of imitation which is necessary in the moment when the arts revive, but which has its disadvantages as well as its use. If the first models to which we attach ourselves are not pure, they are dangerous, because it is more easy to imitate their faults than their beauties. When the Romans demanded of the Greeks lessons in poesy and eloquence, the taste of the masters was too perfect to corrupt the disciple. But Italy and Spain, which gave the tone to all Europe when letters began to revive in France, had great faults, and unfortunately very seducing, in their literature. The bombast of the Spaniards, and the affectation of the Italians, therefore necessarily prevailed in France before she learnt to study true taste in the writings of the ancients. Books, sports, spectacles, dress, every thing in France was Italian or Spanish. Their authors were in every one's hand, and made part of our education. Our poets formed themselves upon theirs. Gallant poetry cloathed itself with those turns of Italian wit called *concetti*. Dramatic poetry had the same ambition; and our most esteemed authors then made Melpomene speak in puns and epigrams. The Mariamne of Tristan, and the Sophonisba of Mairet, are infected with this ridiculous style; and these were the wonders of our theatre when Corneille produced the Cid and Cinna. Comedy, equally built on the Italian and Spanish model, was a species of romance in dialogue, a series of incidents destitute at once of probability and decorum, what at present is named *imbroglio*, that is to say, disguises of sex, forced mistakes, tricks of valets, in a word, all those gross devices which had fallen into disrepute amongst us ever since Moliere had taught true comedy, consisting of plot, manners, and characters, but which in our days have again appeared and triumphed in our theatres because the multitude must have novelty, and nothing appears to them more new than that which has

not been seen for an hundred years.

A passion for buffoonery gave birth to a species of burlesque, which had also its reign, of which Scarron was the hero. But to unite the two extremes of bad taste, there prevailed at the same time another kind of affectation, the style called *preciceux*, which is the abuse of delicacy, as the burlesque is of gaiety. A society which is no longer spoken of but to ridicule it, but which by its rank had immense influence, the society at the famous hotel of Rambouillet, contributed to preserve that obscure and affected language which was taken for exquisite politeness, and was no more than the pedantry of wit replacing the pedantry of erudition. If we recollect that it was Richelieu, Condé, Montausier, and other eminent persons, who frequented this celebrated house, where love and poetry were submitted to the most sophisticated analysis, we shall readily conceive that these characters, so great in their respective classes, could not be very good masters in matters of taste. As to the men of letters who assembled there, they were Chapelain, who, not having yet published his Pucelle, passed for the greatest of poets; Menage, who did not want information and taste, since he was the first to do justice to the satire of Moliere, when that comic writer produced his *Precieuses ridicules*; and Voiture, of all the wits the most fashionable; who, welcome at the Court, where he held honourable offices,—a man of the world and a man of letters,—enjoyed one of those imposing reputations which it is dangerous to attack, and before whom Boileau himself, then indeed young, prostrated himself, as did all France.

The hotel of Rambouillet had its use. It sanctioned the fashion of employing the mind on every thing, and it is by that we must begin. We learn after to employ on each object only the sort of talent that is suited to it, and by that it is we ought to finish:—it is the abridgment and perfection of taste.

The true school of taste was opened at Port-Royal; and if the spirit of party seduced the great men belonging to that society into unhappy quarrels which disturbed their age, we here only consider them as the benefactors of letters, and we must render homage to the monuments they have left us. Heirs and disciples of the literature of the ancients, they taught us to become the same. To say all in one word, it was from their school that proceeded Pascal and Racine; Pascal, who gave us the first work in which the language appeared fixed and polished, and in which all modes of eloquence were included; Racine, the eternal model of French poetry.

These names characterize the epoch which we still name the—Age of Louis XIV.

FOR THE EMERALD.

## *THE ORDEAL.....No. 15.*

*Remarks on the performance of Hamlet.*
*Continued.*

HAMLET, in order to give the greater likelihood to his madness, evinces it first to Ophelia. As to her his passion was most sincere and unabated, and a change to rudeness in regard to her would be the more remarkable. Besides, his disorder would thus be most easily accounted for, and indeed, Polonious suspects at once he is mad for the love of Ophelia. But rudeness alone is not sufficient to establish the belief of the change, and Hamlet puts on all the exterior marks, which distracted people generally betray, and which his *feigning* rendered the more necessary.

"*My Lord, as I was sewing in my closet, Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbrac'd, No hat upon his head, his stockings foul'd Ungarter'd,*" &c.

This description given by Ophelia, is exactly what the appearance of Hamlet should be. But Mr. Cooper entered almost without any alteration in his appearance. The mad scenes in this play have often been considered the most difficult of execution; they demand so much discrimination, so many changes from merriment to sorrow, from vehemence to listlessness, as require all the faculties of the actor to be exerted. Our chief objection to Mr. Cooper in this particular is his want of variety. But in the play-scene he was very eminent. We have seldom heard a passage uttend with more effect than the following,

"Let the *gall'd* jade *wince*, *our* withers are *unwrung*."

The irresolution of Hamlet is distinguished throughout the play. First he

is suspicious of his uncle, and the ghost confirms him. Thus Hamlet's exclamation, when the ghost relates his story.

"Oh my *prophetic* soul, my uncle."

Yet he does nothing against the murderer; on the contrary he even *suspects* the ghost.

"*The spirit I have seen may be a devil.*"

He cannot believe it, but "will have grounds more relative." In the soliloquy, after the players had left him, Mr. Cooper was very great. The phrase "*kindless villian*," in which Mr. Garrick is said to have been most exquisitly fine, was uttered remarkably well. We have often doubted, whether in the soliloquy on death, the debate should, or should not be interrogative. The commentators differ in respect to this; but on the stage, the sense seems given with the greatest force, when the interrogation is used from the beginning. Mr. Cooper we have observed has pronounced it each way.

In the closet scenes Mr. Cooper mostly excels. And from the beginning to the end, he plays with uncommon spirit and energy. His emphasis was wrong in this line,

"Assume a *virtue*, if you have it not."

The word to be marked is evidently *assume*.

"Could you on this fair *mountain* leave to feed,
And batten on this *moor?*"

We see no reason why *mountain*, should be emphatic. A mountain may be either sterile or fertile, consequently it is not *necessarily* opposed to moor. Besides the objects of the sentence are *feed* and *batten*. The whole interest of Hamlet ends in the 4th act. He is satisfied of the guilt of the king, yet he sets off for England, without punishing it; and after all murders him, by means which were not produced by his own agency.

In Ophelia we did not expect much from the powers of Mrs. Stanley. The music of the part, in the language of Macbeth,

——— "is a step,
On which she must fall down, or else o'erleap;
For in her way it lies."

She however afforded much satisfaction in the character, as she personated it; she conceived it better than we ever witnessed it on our boards; but her tones wanted a mellowness in many of their inflections. The phrase "Here's *rue* for you," was pronounced with a wildness and distraction which thrilled every one. Other parts were generally very miserably supported, excepting the Ghost by Mr. Usher, who deported himself respectably. We may also exempt Mr. Dickenson from this charge.

It seems strange that when the Managers perceive a willingness in the public to support "good acting," they should be so negligent of making their plays as perfect as possible. Mr. Caulfield might be introduced as a very respectable second to Mr. Cooper, and we understand he has no objection himself. *But he has never been requested to perform* by the managers. If this is the truth, what support should they expect when Mr. Cooper leaves town?

With Mr. *Downie* for the King, and Mrs. *Shaw* for the Queen, what can be expected of the rest of the court?

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*The Gamester, (Edward Moore) and the Shipwreck. Friday, Jan. 23.*

*Macbeth, (Shakespeare) and Dermot and Kathleen. Monday, Jan. 26.*

*Othello, (Shakespeare) and Village Lawyer. Wednesday, Jan. 28.*

It has been sometimes the subject of enquiry which of the plays of our immortal poet entitles him to the greatest praise. While some persons have answered it by one production, and others by another, Dr. Johnson has not scrupled to place Othello at the head of the list. In delineating the beauties of this play, he remarks: "The fiery openness of Othello, magnanimous, artless, and credulous, boundless in his confidence, ardent in his affections; inflexible in his resolutions, and obdurate in his revenge; the cool malignity of Iago, silent in his resentment, subtle in his designs and studious at once of his interest and his vengeance; the soft simplicity of Desdemona, confident of merit and concious of innocence, her artless perseverance in her suit, and her slowness to suspect that she can be suspected, are such proofs of Shakespeare's skill in human nature, as we suppose, it is in vain to seek in any modern writer." With such an opinion of the play, we look with impatience at any deficiency of re-

presentation, and with pleasure at every evidence of excellence. We therefore had our share both of pleasure and pain by its exhibition on Wednesday evening.

We have no hesitation in declaring, that Mr. Cooper's personation of Othello, is the most finished of his performances. The speech to the senate, was finely uttered; the phrase *pliant-hour—boyish days—so many fell*—had great effect. The brawl was not properly managed; Cassio and Montano should be fighting as Othello enters, to give him an opportunity to quell them. The sentence, *And to* ourselves *do that,*

*Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomties,*

Mr. Cooper sounded as unmeaningly as if it was not an interogation. In the scenes with Iago, from the commencement where he is *not easily jealous* until he is *perplexed in the extreme*, we saw many occasions to applaud and some to censure. But the last scene was unrivalled.

*Put out the light, and then, put out the light.*

was uttered with critical correctness and force of feeling. Again, speaking of Iago after the discovery of his guilt, we saw a great improvement in this passage.

*"I look downward to his* feet; *but that's a fable.*
*If that thou bee'st a* devil *I cannot kill thee."*

If from the whole play we were to select one, we think that beautiful passage, beginning, *"farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!"* was the most judiciously uttered. We observed many lapses of emphasis in the course of the performance, which as they only applied to the performance *this* evening, we think were inadvertencies, and therefore do not notice them. We are yet to learn whether the costume of Mr. Cooper was correct. As a Moor, his religion would induce him to preserve his country's dress, as Venitian *General*, we question if the colour or the texture of his robes was historically correct.

Mr. Usher sustained Iago with very considerable ability, better indeed than we had anticipated. We cannot agree, however, that his readings were not sometimes wrong, and his deportment injudicious; but most frequently if he did not pronounce with force, he shewed propriety. This phrase was not well expressed: "Lay thy *fingers* thus, and let thy *soul* be instructed"—as if his fingers *could* be instructed.

Mr. Fox was deficient in his part.—Cassio otherwise was decently represented. But from the deficiency we have noticed, we lost the connection and beauties of the reflections on intoxication, after he is reproved by Othello.

Mrs. Powell *appeared* like Desdemona; but she never *does*, we do not say she never *can* give discrimination, or force to her part. We could not hear her often, and cannot estimate what we lost, but from what we now and then collected, which on the whole was favourable.

Mrs. Shaw made up in vehemence what she wanted in correctness; so that her last scene, while it evinced the virago did not display the attachment to Desdemona which the poet intended.

The appearance of Mr. C. on our boards has drawn a crouded house every evening of his performance.

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FOR THE EMERALD.

*Messrs. Editors,*

*In the following Epistle there is much ingenuity and humor. The writer is a true* "disciple of Eschylus," *and really deserves to be accomodated with* a ticket to-morrow evening at the Theatre, *if for no other reason than the ingenius manner in which he asks for it—The point of the satire will be perceived by those who know the tumult occasioned by the appearance of novelty on the stage.* X.

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*A disciple of Eschylus in the country to a citizen of the town, sendeth greeting.*

In the twenty and seventh day of the month Asab, there was a tumult among the people, and I turned myself unto a young man of the nation and said unto him, Young man, I pray thee tell it unto me, wherefore are these people moved, and why trouble they themselves. He answering me said, Art thou a stranger in these parts, and knowest thou not that a Prophet is come among us, who doeth mighty works—causing the people to follow after him with shouts and praises and exceeding great noise; for lo, tomorrow at even, he goeth up to the temple,

making his face to shine after the manner of Moses. Then said I unto the young man, Lo! where is this mighty Prophet—I pray thee show thou him unto me. But he answering, said unto me, Friend thou hast not a wedding garment, how therefore expectest thou to see this mighty Prophet.

Then I gat myself up among my kinsfolks and acquaintance, and inquired of them for a wedding garment, and found it not, for I wist not that they were scarce in the land. Then considered I within myself and said, surely I will arise and write unto my friend, and he shall get me a wedding garment; for tomorrow at even will I see this great Prophet, who causeth this tumult among the people and the governors and the rulers of the nation; and I will behold him and the mighty things which he doeth, and the excellence thereof.

Then after I had considered on these things of my friend, I sat myself down upon a seat and wrote unto thee this epistle. And I pray thee to procure for me the necessary garment, that I may have a right to appear in the assembly of the people.

*For the Emerald.*

## DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

AND ORIGINAL REMARKS.

### GENIUS.

So great is the general unhappiness of the human race, that our most successful efforts to attain the sublime or brilliant, are founded on some humiliating circumstance of our nature. Most men endowed with those superior powers of mind, by which they are entitled to the denomination of genius, are seen to possess a disordered imagination. The happiest effusions of eloquence and the most splendid productions of the pencil, have generally been the offsprings of minds not less famous for their greatness than their irregularity. Heroism itself acts on the borders of insanity; and the most illustrious conquerers have labored under the maladies of imagination, which haunted Orestes and Hercules.

### ON TOMBS AND EPITAPHS.

Whenever I cast my eyes on ostentatious epitaphs, I conceive a wish to write under them: "As man is composed of pride and infirmities, passenger, you here behold them fully represented. This tomb indicates the feebleness, and the epitaph the pride of his nature. How just a picture is this of the character of this person when alive! Under robes of silk and embroidery, he concealed from the eyes of the world the weakness and diseases of his decaying body. A wounded conscience, a feeble understandig, and eternal toil of solicitude and sorrows, were hidden under the mask of a tranquil countenance, and a steady and penetrating eye."

### HISSING.

This mode of expressing popular disapprobation of a public speaker appears, from the following passage in Cicero's Letters, to have been very ancient.—Speaking of the orator Hortensius, Cælius thus describes the success of that speaker's eloquence: "Hoc magis animadversum est, quod intactus a sibilo pervenerat Hortensius ad senectutem:" it is worth observation to remark, that Hortensius arrived at old age, without once incurring the disgrace of being hissed at.

Philosophers sport with the follies of mankind; tradesmen make an advantage of them; and players both sport with them and profit by them.

### THE ARABIAN'S TEACHER.

An Arabian being asked of whom he learnt virtue?—Of the *bad*, he replied, for their wickedness inspired me with a detestation of vice.

### FRIENDSHIP.

It may in general be said of friendship, what was said by a man of wit of love, that it resembles the notion of ghosts, viz. it is a thing which every body talks about, and no one has been eye witness to.

### EPIGRAM.

*To an affected old Maid.*

Tho' papa 'and mama' my dear,
So prettily you call,
Yet you methinks, yourself, appear
The grand-mama of all.

### BEAUTY.

A lover is generally at a loss to define the beauty by which his passion was suddenly and irresistibly determined to a particular object; but this could never happen, if it depended upon any known rule or proportion, upon the shape of the disposition of features, or the colour of the skin: he tells you that it is something which he cannot fully express, something not fixed in any feature, but diffused over all; he calls it a sweetness, a softness, placid sensibility, or gives it some other appellation, which connects beauty with sentiment, and expresses a charm which is not peculiar to any set of features, but is perhaps possible to all.

### ANECDOTE—THE GOOD EFFECT OF WINE.

A young gentleman of distinction, having lost a considerable sum of money at a faro bank, was so much effected by it, that he determined upon act of suicide, in order to relieve him from his distress.

Filled with this idea, he put a case of pistols into his pockets, and proceeding to a house of fashionable resort in St. James' street, to which he was a suberiber, he ordered a room and a bottle of claret, with pen, ink, and paper. He then wrote a letter to an intimate friend, describing his unhappy state, which he declared himself unable any longer to bear, told him, that by the time the letter reached him, he should be out of his misery, and concluded with some request, as a last proof of his friendship.

Having dispatched this letter, he laid his pistols on the table, and being exceedingly thirsty, and seeing wine standing before him, he very naturally drank a glass: the refreshment this afforded him, tempted him to repeat it; he took a second and a third, and in brief four or five glasses gave such a happy turn to his thoughts, that he deferred his rash purpose until his friend burst into the room with the utmost anxiety; when instead of finding the letter-writer weltering in his blood, he saw him sitting at the table, musing with great composure.

He instantly removed the pistols; they finished the bottle together, and the despairing man went home, reconciled to himself, and to that life which he had so recently determined to renounce.

### BON MOT.

Segrais was a great teller of stories and anecdotes, and his pleasant manner of telling them added a vivacity to the excellencies and importance of the subjects. His memory was so comprehensive that when once he began to narrate he did not very soon end. A friend observed of this talent and practice, so well known in Segrais, that he only wanted winding up and he would go on forever.

A valetudinarian complained of a violent pain in one of his legs. His wife made use of embrocations and flannel to no purpose. The patient continued his groaning. A surgeon was called in; who, on examining the leg declared it was sound. "Then it must be the other," replied the simpleton.

### EPIGRAM.

*What makes Home.*

"Dear friend, of late you seem to shun
my door;
To morrow come, we dine exact at
four."
"Well *Dick* I'll come, altho' your lady's
din,
Proves you are not at *home*, and yet
within."
No paradox is here--plain sense decrees
Man only is at *home*--where he's at ease.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*The address of Cromwell has been received—if published, the name of the* lady *must not be so easily known.*

*The* REWARD OF VIRTUE *will be continued next week. We shall always attend with pleasure to translations of interesting subjects.*

*There is a wildness and beauty in the* MONODY ON CHATTERTON *that is peculiarly suited to the subject, and makes the execution equal to the theme.—And yet this is said to be the production of* DERMODY *at the age of* 12 *years!*

*The Biography of* JOHN HORN TOOKE ESQ. *will ornament our next number.*

# POETRY.

*For the Emerald.*

## THE WINTER BROOK.

LITTLE Naid of the wood,
Where is now thy silver flood ?
Where those herbs, those flowers so fair,
Foster'd by thy bounteous care ?
" Winter hath my beauties torn,
Winter, stranger, makes me mourn.
O'er this frozen urn to sleep,
And in crystal tears to weep.
But gentle spring will soon restore
All the blooms I had before !
Deign to me your ear to turn,
From me this moral, stranger, learn :
Age thy honors takes from thee ;
Winter all my blooms from me.
Soon will Spring with soothing voice
Bid my frozen urn rejoice.
Death will soon bid thee arise,
And claim thy birthright in the skies."

## MONODY ON CHATTERTON.

*Written by the late* THOMAS DERMODY,

DAUGHTERS, of Heav'n ! blest sisters of sweet song,
Who nurse the feelings that prolific rise
From Poesy's illustrious birth,
Firing some favor'd son of earth,
And lending to his breast a portion of the skies,
O, hither move along
In pensive pace,
Lead bright Imagination's seraph-throng [couth—
O'er the rude stones that frown un-
In yon deep dell's oblivious gloom
Sadly sleeps a once-lov'd youth.
Ye wood-flow'rs breathe your wild perfume,
Ye shrouded warblers harmonize the gale,
Here, Autumn, fling thy brilliant bloom,
And fence from wayward winds the sacred vale :
Tread soft, ye infants of the air,
While in the mazy dance you turn,
Tread soft—and pause to mourn,
Mingling your mystic sports with sickly care,
For Genius slumbers here !

True Genius, prompt to mount the sphere
Of Fancy, thrid pure rapture's maze,
And view her with unshrinking gaze,
Prompt to veil in antique dress
What Antientry could ne'er express,
Catch the buskin's lofty mien,
Or woo the laughter-loving Queen.
Immortal Boy, thee angels fed
With Poesy's abstracted food,
Thy bowl was fill'd from Fancy's fountain-head,
Thy bowl with wond'rous exstacies embu'd :
By Heaven's own chymic skill refin'd,
Thine was the manner of the mind.
Yet man ingrate thy labours view'd,
Unknown from Dulness' motley brood!
O ! next to him whose master hand
Could thrill the pang'd nerve of the heart,
Bid the quick tear of Pity start,
Or Terror, shudd'ring own his dread command !

Hated reverse to all divine,
See the matchless minstrel pine,
See the blooming wonder die,
Indignant death in his distracted eye !
What curses future æras, yet unborn,
Shall lavish on the wretch's head
Who saw the tears fond Nature's darling shed
Yet in his bosom struck an aggravating thorn !
Barbarian Britain ! could the choicest gem
Of Merit's radiant diadem
Sink in thy gloom, and waste its glorious glow !
Averse to bid neglected genius live,
Say, shalt thou share the fame a Chatterton can give ?
Had he but gain'd his manhood's mighty prime,
Bright as the sun, and as the sun sublime,
His soaring soul had borne the awful wand
Of magic power, and o'er the fairy land
Of Fancy shed a new poetic race,
Lending creation to his favor'd place.
But oh ! the dying sounds decay,
Ah ! they fade away,
Melting, melting, melting,
Melting from the ear of day,

Despair assumes the Muse's lyre,
Damps each softly sinking fire,
Presses the fury spirit down below,
And tells his stubborn soul the bitter tale of woe.

At last, superior to her chain,
He flies o'er Madness' wild domain,
Despis'd and dejected—he faints and he sighs! [eyes!
Too rigorous Heav'n—how ghastly his
Spare, oh! spare, Almighty Pow'r!
His frenzy'd passion, and his last black hour;
Spare his mortal portion, spare!
Think upon his case distrest,
And of his soul's fine essence grant a share
To some pure breast!

Long did he brave Unkindness' gorgon eye,
Fell Famine's meagre lip, and Scorn's polluted breath;
He look'd to find a friend—he found no friend but Death!
He never look'd on high,
Or THOU hadst been his friend,
Despair had turn'd his sight below,
Despair had fix'd his home of woe,
Rashly rebellious fell the fatal blow,
God of Mercy! spare his end!
Perchance (to mortal audience still unknown)
In agony's keen parting groan,
No brother near to wrest his hand,
No sire to catch his last command,
No mother's mournful care, to dress his bier,
No sister's tender, tender tear,
In hope's æthereal light he saw THEE shine,
And father, mother, brother, sister, all combine—
In the full pity of thy op'ning Heav'n.
Sweetest Child of Poesye,
May this meet thy soul on high,
Clear thy memory of this world,
And shew thy flag of future fame unfurl'd

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### INVOCATION TO POVERTY.

*By C. Fox.*

OH poverty! of pale consumptive hue,
If thou delight'st to haunt me still in view,
If still, thy presence must my steps attend,
At least continue, as thou art, my friend;
When bad example bids me be unjust,
False to my word, or faithless to my trust,
Bid me the baneful error quickly see,
And shun the world, to find repose with thee:
When vice to wealth would turn my partial eye,
Or interest shut my ear to sorrow's cry;
Or, courtiers' custom would my reason bend,
My foe to flatter, or deceive a friend.
Oppose, kind poverty, thy temper'd shield, [field.
And bear me off, unvanquish'd from the
If giddy fortune e'er returns again,
With all her idle, restless, wanton train,
Her magic glass should false ambition hold,
Or avarice bid me put my trust in gold;
To my relief, thou virtuous goddess haste, [chaste,
And with thee bring thy daughters ever
Health, Liberty and Wisdom, sisters bright,
Whose charms can make the worst condition light, [cheer,
Beneath the hardest fate, the mind can
Can heal affliction, and disarm despair:
In chains, in torments, pleasure can bequeath, [death
And dress in smiles, the tyrant hour of

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MARRIAGES.—At Salem, Capt. John Peabody, to Miss Elizabeth Manning.—At Chelmsford, Mr. John Elliot, of Boston, to Miss Lucy Spalding.

In this town, by the Rev. Mr. Murray, Mr. Jonathan Howe, mer. to Miss Sally Hopkins; By the Rev. Dr. Stillman, Mr. Joseph Bassett, to Miss Margaret Richardson, both of this town; Mr. Samuel Edes, to Miss Mary S. Hammond; Mr. Christian Schultz, to Mrs. Rebecca Schultz; Mr. John Powers, of Boston, to Miss Mary Sims, of Roxbury; Mr. Nathan Knowles, to Miss Lydia Bouve; Mr. George Gore, to Miss Mary Brown.

DEATHS.—At Goffstown, (N. H.) Mr. David Aikins, aged 25; one of the firm of Hardy, Aikins & Pinkerton.

☞ We have not learnt the death of any person in this town, the past week.

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